So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Quee. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wiſedome hatcht:
Hath Wiſedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
Roſa. The blood of youth burnes not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolrie in the Wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Quee. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am ſtable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Quee. Thy newes *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace Loue doth approch, diſguyſd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be ſurpriſd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
Quee. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamone,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpoſed reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might beholde addreſt,
The King and his companions warely,
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you ſhall ouer heare:
That by and by diſguyſd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embaſſage
Action and accent did they teach him there,.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſticall would put him out:

For